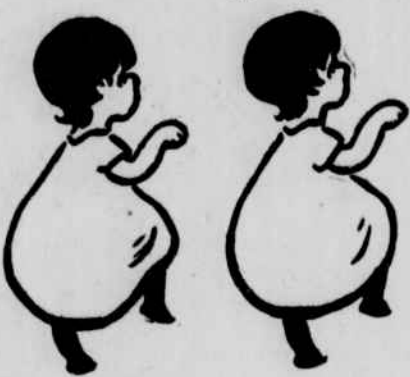


THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Say, Genevieve! Wish
Pop'd treat us
To a ride on top
the 'bus!



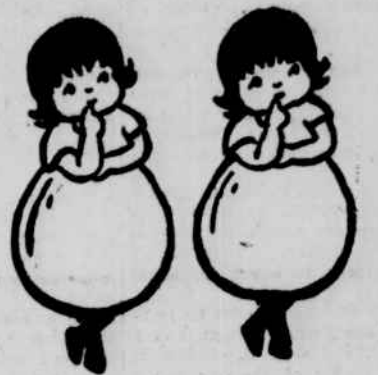
We'd climb those
awful, twisty stairs,
All proud and fine
and full of airs!



But p'haps fore we
could get a seat,
T'would start, and
hurl us to the street!



They'd raise us and
weep bitterly.
For we'd be dead
as dead could be!



Say, Genevieve! We'd
never dare
To ride so far up in
the air!

ELIZABETH KIRKMAN

HENRY WAS LOST

But Not for Long—A Little Thought, a Telephone and Thirty Cents Finally Bring Him Safely to His Uncle's Again.

This is a true story of what one little boy did when he was lost. His name is Henry Gossler and he is a little New York boy, who lives on the upper West Side. He is only eight years old and he had never before been allowed to go anywhere alone. Mother or father had always gone with him.

Just before Easter, Henry's aunt and uncle, who live about twenty miles out on Long Island, invited him to spend his Easter vacation with them. Henry was quite delighted and looked forward to his trip very eagerly. The night before he went, when he was telling every one for the tenth time what he was going to do, father said, "Here's a quarter, Henry. Buy yourself a kite or a ball or something."

Henry wriggled with joy. He knew that he could buy much more than a kite or a ball for twenty-five whole cents.

"And here's ten cents for some ice-cream, Henry," said mother.

A friend of father's, who lived in the apartment house across the hall was there, too. "Well," he said, "while you're at it, Henry, you might just as well buy yourself an automobile or a house and lot." And he fished in his pocket and produced another quarter.

Sixty cents! With the privilege of spending it all just as he pleased! He wondered if there were "movie" shows down on Long Island.

The next morning, amid much excitement, Henry departed. Uncle Jim met him at the station and drove him home. How he enjoyed it all! He wondered that night about the moving picture theatres. He hadn't seen any, but he knew there was a candy store—he saw that from the railroad station.

One day his aunt asked him to go to the store for some milk. She gave him explicit directions, and he reached the store safely, bought the milk and started home again.

But how different everything looked. It was easy enough going, but coming back, when he saw everything from a different side, and when "turn to your right" had to be changed to "turn to your left," it was much more difficult.

Henry became confused. He thought that he could buy much more than a kite or a ball for twenty-five whole cents.

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Poor Henry didn't know any other name. He was sure he had heard it once, but he couldn't remember, and



MY DOGGIE.

I have a little doggie
Who doesn't care for meals;
He never fights or runs away,
Because he goes on wheels.

I couldn't ride a real dog;
He'd bite, or chase the cat,
And he would never like to stay
Inside a city flat.

E. MACDOUGALL

when he saw that Mrs. Smith didn't know he became really frightened. "Oh, I want my mother," he cried.

Then he saw the telephone.

"Oh, let me telephone to my mother. She'll come and get me and take me home."

He took the receiver. "Riverside 4592, please," he said.

"Thirty cents," said "Central." Thirty cents! That would have taken him to two moving picture shows, bought an ice cream soda and five cents' worth of candy. Nevertheless, he took from his pocket thirty of his 60 cents and manfully deposited it in the telephone slot.

Then he heard his mother's voice.

"Oh, mother," he sobbed. "Come, get me. I'm lost and I want to go home."

Naturally Henry's mother was also excited.

"What do you mean, Henry? Where are you?"

"I'm in a store near the railroad station. You come down on the train and I'll wait at the station for you, and then you can take me home."

But then Mrs. Smith interrupted and took the receiver from Henry to talk to his mother. She learned that Uncle Jim's other name was Davis, and that he lived about a half-mile away, and she promised she would see that Henry reached home safely.

When Mr. Smith came back with his horse and wagon he lifted Henry in and drove him back to his uncle's.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

Stops at Inn Where Dame Trot Serves Trout for Lunch—Sees Goosey Gander and the Dog That Worried the Cat.

CHAPTER XVI.

By DAVID M. COREY.

Since he said goodbye to Little Boy Blue early in the morning Puss Junior had met with no adventures.

"If there's anything I love it's fish!" he exclaimed as he sat down at the table. He was very hungry after his long day's travel, and the little inn at which he was stopping was cool and delightful.

"Little fishy in the brook, Papa catch him with a hook, Mamma fry him in the pan, Johnny eat him like a man," sang a sweet voice, and in came Dame Trot with a big platter, on which was steaming a delicious trout.

Puss Junior looked up. "Did Mr. Trot catch it?" he asked, politely assisting her to place it on the table.

"Of course," she answered, "fish don't catch themselves, unless they're playing tag in the pool. There's a difference between being caught and being hooked."

Puss Junior nodded. "Yes," he admitted, "there is."

INQUISITIVE KITTENS WATCH HIM AS HE EATS.

Dame Trot had left the door ajar and peeking through the crack were all of her cats, watching with longing eyes the feast on the table.

"He is a very handsome cat," remarked the elder Miss Puss to her sisters, "isn't he?"

"Beautiful whiskers," replied the youngest, "but his boots—oh, my, aren't they splendid?"

Puss Junior looked up and, seeing the curious little faces in the doorway, gave a knowing wink.

"Shoo!" shouted Dame Trot, as she turned from the table to leave the room. "Shoo! You naughty kittens; you'll have your dinner when this gentleman has finished, and not before."

And she closed the door and left him to eat his meal in peace.

"I know now what it must be to have a cat around when you're eating fish," he remarked aloud; "they act as if they were half-starved, although they look as fat as can be."

"I suppose I might as well stay here until to-morrow morning, as it seems to be a very well kept inn, and perhaps there might be fish for breakfast. At any rate," he continued, "as he walked out on the front porch, 'it is too hot to travel any more to-day.'"

PUSS FINDS A SWING AND GETS A RIDE.

There was a swing under the trees and Puss Junior stepped off the piazza

and walked toward it. "Let's have a swing," he called out, seeing some small kitten heads peeping around the back of the house. They disappeared for a moment, and then five kittens rushed from the rear of the inn and stood around him in a ring. There was a glossy black kitty, a snow-white one, a silky maltese, a tabby and a pretty tortoise-shell.

"Look out!" he cried. "I'll fall if you aren't more careful."

A DOG APPEARS AND SCARES THE KITTENS AWAY.

Just at that moment past the inn came the Dog That Worried The Cat.

"Run!" screamed the little Tabby Kitten, and away they all scurried underneath the piazza, squeezing through a small hole in the lattice-work that screened the open space beneath the floor.

Puss Junior had sprung out of the swing when it was up high and was sitting safely out on a limb.

The Dog That Worried The Cat sniffed around the porch, but the kittens did not come out. Presently he ran out of the gate and down the street.

PUSS JUNIOR HAD SPRUNG OUT OF THE SWING WHEN IT WAS UP HIGH AND WAS SITTING SAFELY OUT ON A LIMB.

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OUR DRAWING LESSONS

We are glad to say that we received a great many drawings this week.

Some were evidently made exactly according to directions and were just what we wanted. Others, which showed perhaps just as much skill, were very apparently not made from the shadow of a crumpled paper, but were carefully planned drawings, either copied or originals. Those of you who have a natural talent for drawing have an advantage over the others, but in order to keep every one on an equal footing as possible the lesson conditions must be regarded.

We want to see YOUR drawings—not your father's, or your mother's, or your older sister's. YOURS are the only ones in which we are interested.

We have examined carefully all the drawings which were received by

Thursday morning, and the three we considered the best were sent by

Mildred Sutton, 12 Odell ave., Yonkers; Nellie Babbitt, 140 Park ave., East Rutherford, N. J.; and Dorothy Mausolf, 5 Walworth ave., White Plains, N. Y.

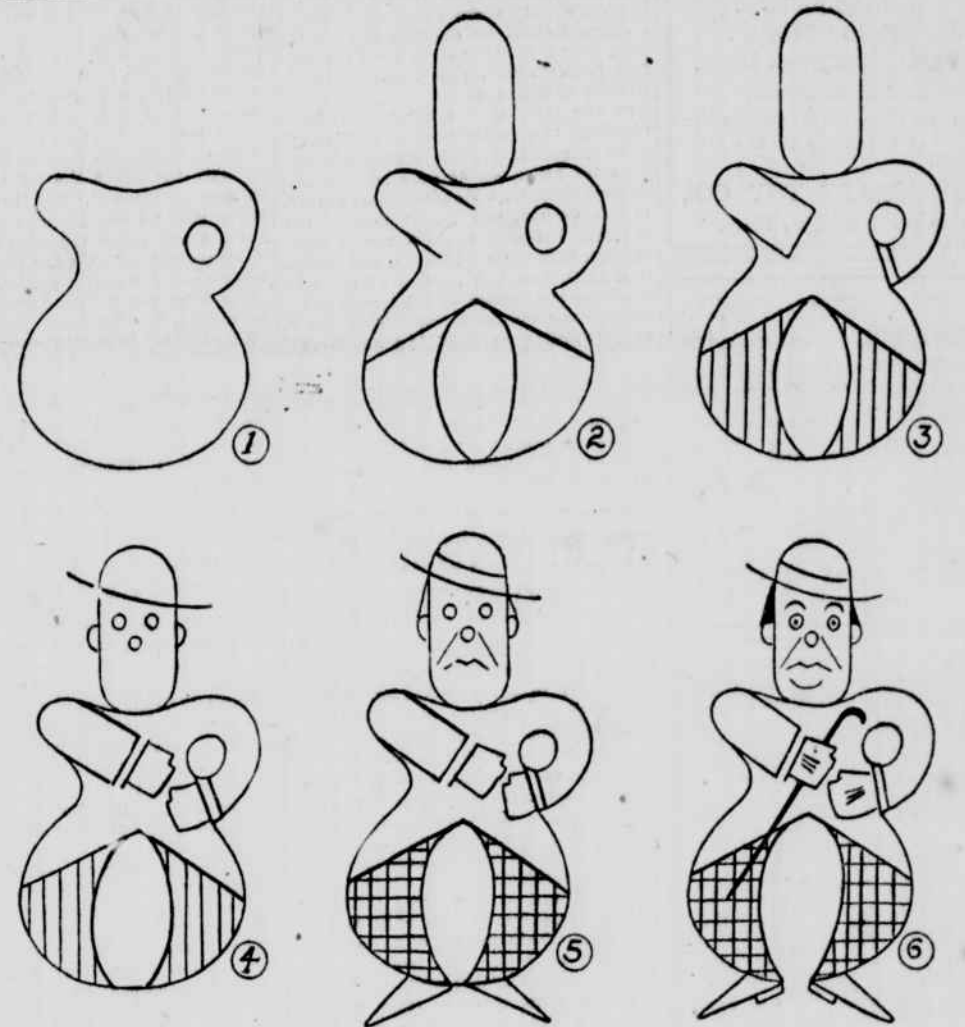
Other drawings were received from A. Birnbaum, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Louis Budd, New York City; Martha Buton, Brooklyn; Elizabeth Clayton, Richmond Hill, Long Island; Winifred Day, New York City; Catherine Donafred, New York City; Dorothy Ferling, Jersey City, N. J.; Lewis Francis, Brooklyn; Hyman Goldberg, New York City; Louis Loeb, Yonkers, N. Y.; Emilie S. Mosher, Albany, N. Y.; Harriet P. Mullen, Brooklyn; Margaret Mullen, Brooklyn; M. A. Porazzo, Rosebank, Staten Island; Ella Perkins, Port Chester, N. Y.; Gladys Shipley, Peetzburg, N. J.; Nellie Stevens, New York City; Evelyn Van Riper, Port Chester, N. Y.; Wilson Wilbur, Brook-

lyn; Iris Winslow, Naugatuck, Conn.; Josephine Hayden, Brooklyn; Helen C. Burnham, Chilhoway, N. Y.; Germaine Roy West Orange, N. Y.; and Herbert Harvey, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Make your drawings according to the directions given with each lesson and send them to us. And to let you know how proud we are of what you can do we will make three honor awards of \$1 each for the three best drawings received each week. And remember while you are drawing that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

All drawings must reach us by Thursday morning. None received after that date will be considered.

Send your drawings to the Editor of the Children's Page, New York Tribune.



A WATER PITCHER CHANGES INTO A MAN.

By adding a few lines to each figure you finally change the water pitcher into a man. Study each figure carefully before you begin to draw. Make all six drawings and send them to us. It would be a very good idea to try to memorize these little studies, as you can have all kinds of sport drawing them for your friends. Lesson 3 will be another evolution study.

When Mother Went Away

By Dorothy Nelles, aged 12.

Clare and Philip Burton were twins, and the neighbors said that no twins were so different. Clare had dark, straight hair and brown skin and was as wild and helter-skelter as a young colt. On the other hand, Phil was as light as his sister was dark, and very quiet.

The Burtons lived at Kent, a little town in New Hampshire. All through the holidays the twins roamed over fields and through woods. Clare, with her daring ways, dragged her brother into all sorts of mischief.

One day in the middle of July Mrs. Burton went into the city to spend the day. The twins were left with nothing to do, a sure sign of mischief.

"I wish May were home," said Clare, yawning. "You never want to do anything."

"Well, I'll do anything you want if you'll only suggest something," answered Phil.

"Will you, really?" cried Clare, eagerly.

"Sure."

"Then come out to the well and see if we can fish up the ring May dropped there."

"Father and mother"—began Phil. "Oh!" cried Clare, "you know they never told us not to." So she won him over and they went out to the well.

Animals.

By F. L. LOWENSTEIN.

AGED 7.

I love the little cat
And little birdies, too,
And all the other animals
That run around the zoo.

Puzzle Answers

CHARADE.

Plum (plumb) line.

BURIED SAYING.

Beginning with the second letter and taking every fifth letter, spell "Let us have peace," a saying of General Grant.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Mysterious. 2. Analogy. 3. Adamant. 4. Nostalgia. 5. Frustrate.

It has been estimated that 6,000,000,000 picture postcards are sent through the mail each year.

Puzzle Solvers

Charade—Frances B. Wadley, East Elmhurst, Long Island; Catherine Neff, East Orange, N. J.; Herbert Harvey, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Buried Sayings—Eleanor Anthony, East Orange, N. J.; Marion G. Tully, Locust Valley, Long Island; Frances B. Wadley, East Elmhurst, Long Island; Herbert Harvey, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Anagrams—Mary Neff, East Orange, N. J.; Frances B. Wadley, East Elmhurst, Long Island; Marion G. Tully, Locust Valley, Long Island; Herbert Harvey, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

NINE DUMB HEROES.

There were over four thousand dogs of proud pedigree on exhibition at a recent London dog show, many of them worth thousands of dollars, but none of the aristocrats attracted as much attention as nine four-footed heroes shown together as a bench. Each of the nine had saved human life, and above the stall of each was set forth a brief record of his service to mankind—Our Dumb Animals.

SEND YOUR STORIES TO US.

To the Editor of the Children's Page: I would like to know if I send in a story if you will publish it on the Children's Page.

MARTHA BUTON.
Brooklyn.
Martha Buton—We are glad to publish good stories submitted by our readers.—Editor, Children's Page.

AYYAD'S WATER-WINGS
Learn to Swim by For Sale Everywhere
One Trial
Plan, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

ATYAD MANNING CO., Hoboken, N. J.

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD

THE DAY I MET THE KIND BOY SCOUTS I LEARNED A LOT OF THINGS. THEY STUDIED EVERY BUSH AND TREE AND EVERY CREATURE THEY COULD SEE AND EVERY BIRD THAT SINGS. THEY FOUND A FUNNY LITTLE BUG AND PUT HIM ON A TWIG BUT WHEN I SAW HIM THROUGH A GLASS, I FELL RIGHT OVER IN THE GRASS. HE LOOKED SO BAD AND BIG. I ALSO LEARNED ABOUT THE BEES AND HOW THEY SOMETIMES STING. EVERY DAY IS BUSY AND IF YOU TRY TO MAKE HIM PLAY, HE'S MAD AS ANYTHING. AND THEN I TRIED TO TIE SOME KNOTS BUT HERE I MUST CONFESS, ALTHOUGH I TRIED AND TRIED AND TRIED THE KNOTS I VERY NEARLY TIED WERE NOT A GREAT SUCCESS BUT ALL IN ALL, IT WAS FOR ME A VERY HAPPY DAY. THE SCOUTS WERE CHEERFUL, KIND AND GOOD AND LEFT ME QUITE A LOT OF FOOD BEFORE THEY WENT AWAY. TO BE CONTINUED.

F. WHITE